

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Styles Of Old Spain Fascinate

Yetta Goldstein and Mollie McShane Hide Their Identity With Spanish Fads and Fancies.

By MARGARET MASON.
The ladies, Lord love 'em, this season would faint. Three just like the beauties in sunny old Spain; And so Yetta Goldstein and Mollie McShane And Gretchen Von Schmidt and Fifi Duquesne Are perfect Hispanics when not called by name.

NEW YORK, Feb. 11.—Sing to for the Spanish main, for anything Spanish is the main thing in the new trend of fashion. Last season we were all to the Chinese and goodness knows where we will be, season after season. At the pace they are going it looks as if the designers would soon be sitting around on their haunches and weeping a la Alexander the Great for more worlds to copy.

Personally, it strikes me Borneo fashions might be smart for the summer season, but the designers are probably holding them in reserve for the winter months. But to return to Spain—even as a Spanish omelette the fashion designers are undoubtedly being backed on to the Spanish mode by the recent production of that much heralded Spanish opera "Goyescas" at the Metropolitan opera house. Incidents in the life of Goya and his paintings inspired the opera, the opera inspired our present fashions and so Mr. Goya is really the responsible party.

Goya was the father of twenty children, one of the most favored lovers of the Duchess of Alba, and a great artist. Not for these achievements, however, is he now known to fame, but as the designer of these feminine frocks and frills for 1916.

Quantities of Spanish lace, both white and black, and used in flounces in the new old Spanish gowns which are copied outright from old portraits by Goya and Velasquez. One of the French houses offers a gown which is a replica of that worn by the Infanta in Velasquez's most famous portrait. The gown is dubbed Velasquez, and it is worn over the hips in the same exaggerated manner as the portrait. In fact, almost all of the frocks with Hispanic tendencies show this wringing over the hips and the bodies are tight bodied and pointed.

Crude, strong tones of yellow, red, green, and orange are used to set the Spanish effect, and mantillas, scarves and sashes of gay hues, high backcombs, and gaudy fairs are accessories after the fact. Stuntings, wraps and negligees are fashioned out of the grotesquely embroidered Spanish shawls and, in some instances, they are even provided with footstools and very rickety of Carmen and bull fight.

Indeed, all the Spanish fashions are bulky. Coping with the shortage of dyes and the fact that all the real blue-blooded señoritas are raven-haired, this is bound to be a closed season for blondes, and all persons who will stop trying to conceal their dark parts.

With our characteristic whole-souled manner of entering entirely into the spirit and atmosphere of a new mode, I have no doubt that even our dyes will now smack of the Spanish tendency toward onions, omelette, mackerel, and even peppers. One footstool and one step will give way to the fandango, our national sport becoming throwing the bull, and our Irene Castle go around looking like a cutie in Spain.

Seen In The Shops

EVERYONE sweltered in furs during the hot weather of last week and wondered how they were going to bridge the gap between the swathing bands of midwinter and the low-necked effects that breeze in with spring. The shops—trust them—are ready for just such an emergency with chinlins collars of dresden taffeta, trimmed with rows of fur and buttons to match. For daytime wear are more delicate collars in plain colors, and for the evening marine and swansdown. The price is \$7.50.

Just because silk sweaters have suffered an eclipse of four or five months, owing largely to climatic conditions, don't think they will never come into the sunlight again. Last summer's faded sweaters can be cleaned and re-dyed in short order, for we have promise of their renewed popularity as soon as the weather makes them wearable.

The 1916 crop is larger, daintier and—incidentally—more expensive than ever in dresden patterns they may be had for \$5 a pair. This would buy seven perfectly presentable sweaters a decade ago, by the way.

The popular bouquets of violets have found a new use in the bunches of deep violet pansies in royal purple and other "pansy" colors. Thirty-eight cents will buy a bunch.

(Telephone Main 5860 for information regarding the establishments in which the articles mentioned above may be purchased. Inquiries concerning news of the shops should be addressed to The Shopper, this office.)

The price of an Electric Radiator is—much less than the cost of one attack of grip or pneumonia. Radiators of the best type, complete with cord and plug \$5 up.

National Electrical Supply Co., 1325-1330 N. Y. Ave.

St. Valentine's Day in Leap Year Affords the Women A Legitimate Excuse for Popping the Question. Beware!

Femininity Stalking Abroad to See Whom It May Ensnare, as Attested by Crowded Counters Where All Busily Buy Valentines!

The Man Who Gets by This Year Must Try to Appear Deaf, Dumb, Blind, Peniless and Fearfully Crotchety!

LEAP year and Valentine's day—magic combination! Are women taking advantage of it? They are.

Who are crowding around the Valentine counters of department stores, quite swamping the few insignificant men who venture within reach of the tables? The women some asking quite boldly for leap year Valentines, others pawing around until they find what they are seeking.

The very verses themselves suggest that femininity is stalking abroad seeking whom it may devour. Men are warned that it's leap year as follows:

"Look out, old top, watch your step! It's leap year time, so don't forget." Another plaintive ditty announces:

"My pies are light and flaky, My biscuits, too, are fine; Oh won't some hoarding bachelor Ask for a Valentine?"

Imagine the sense of reciprocity that is conveyed by the lines:

"I'd faithfully promise To darn all your socks If you in reply Vow to hook up my frocks."

What is more astonishing, every one of those leap year Valentines is destined to reach some lucky—or unlucky—man in the vicinity of February 14. The stenographer was first noted examining the assortment, price, 12 cents a dozen, at a stationery counter.

Valentine Prerogative.

"Do you," the stenographer was asked, "believe in the leap year prerogative of sending Valentines to men?" She regarded her spats thoughtfully.

"I don't know about the prerogative part, but I'm keen on sending the Valentines," she answered. "Of course, a perfect lady, and a perfect lady doesn't send Valentines except in leap year. You know, you've got to let the man know who sent the Valentine to him. It wouldn't be any fun sending it to him if he didn't call you up and tease you about it, and give you a chance to say:

Errands: Taxing or Training the Child?

Isn't It Fair to Him to Jot Down Message or List of Things Wanted So as Not to Interfere With His World of Wonderland?

By LAURA CLAWSON.

"A pound of tea at one and three. A pot of strawberry jam; Three new-laid eggs, a dozen peas. And a pound of rasher of ham."

I'm quoting from memory, but that's the way a rhyme of my childhood runs; and the poem goes on to tell the variations of this list before the child got to the shop where these articles were to have been purchased.

In these days of telephones and department stores, deliveries to the members of the family are not so dependent upon the small feet of the children, but in neighborhoods far from the centers of such luxuries, still the children "go to the store," and still are they sent on errands to friends and relatives.

Helpfulness is one of the most attractive traits of our human intercourse; looking over our list of acquaintances, be it large or small, the persons who stand out nearest are those who have this blessed quality. Possibly it was begun and fostered in a home where errands were the accepted thing.

A good memory is another most useful asset, and the correct carrying of messages to "Aunt Sally" may have trained the memory of that competent salesman who always greets by name his fattered customers.

But there is the other side, too. Is it always reasonable to expect a child, called from his play, at perhaps a most absorbing moment, to remember a list of several articles, or an involved message which he really doesn't understand?

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Pork Link Sausage Berkshire Sausage Meat Country Style Sausage Liver Wurst

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A helpful hint which overlooks bad grammar and bashfulness.

"Oh, that wasn't my writing." Then if he's bright he'll say: "How'd you know it wasn't?" And you'd say, after you had him guessing for a while, "I didn't think you'd know it was my hand." "Now, you know, you can't play jokes on a man at any other time than leap year—at least, you can't send him Valentines without him thinking that you're chasing him. Then you have him guessing, for he don't know whether you're serious or not. And that's the only way you can catch a man. Propose to a man, I guess not." Her eyes flashed indignantly. The stenographer was, as she had said, a perfect lady. Proposing to her men friends was scarcely to be favored.

For the Unsentimental. The fluff society girl was quite bold about her Valentine sending. Shifting her pompadour under her left arm to allow more leeway for the search, she quite readily showed the tributes she had purchased for her friends.

"This is for John—he's so frightfully unsentimental he will rave when he gets it. I'm not going to attempt to disguise my writing, and the crazy thing will think he's getting a proposal and run when he sees me coming."

"There's Nick. I'll make him horribly set up to get a verse that says: 'If Juliet had known you I'm mighty certain, sir, That Romeo would never Have made a hit with her.'"

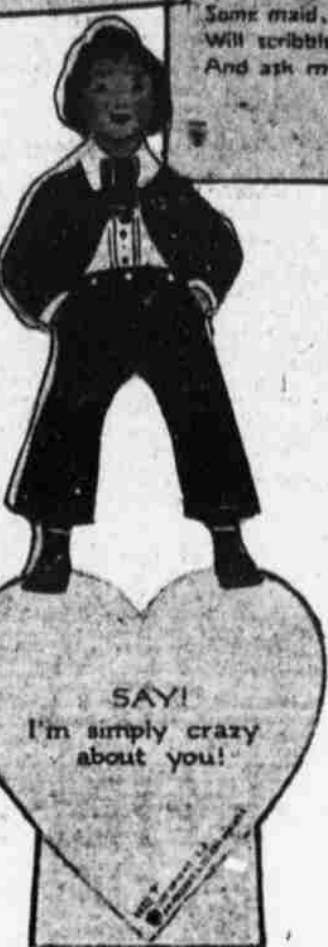
"He thinks he'll be the original Apollo, anyway, and he'll be so important I know he'll propose to me at once as the only woman who understands him." She beamed ecstatically.

"Isn't leap year the most fun? I'm sure I wouldn't mind proposing to a man at all, it's so easy."

She shifted the long-suffering dog

Short but to the point.

back to her right arm and called a gay good-by. The only discordant note was struck by a business woman who prides herself upon being very practical. "A Valentine? Who would I send a



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A jewel of a suggestion for a bashful man.

Valentine to, anyway? There isn't a man I know that I would favor with one. A comic Valentine, perhaps. Yes, I might send one to the office boy here. Heaven knows he makes my life miserable. I'd like to send one to the street car company, too. Those are spite Valentines, not real ones."

"Oh, yes; but still I don't know of a man—a real man, not a corporation or an office boy—that I'd waste my money on. I'm glad you put that idea into my head, though. I shall certainly remember that office boy."

"Don't you feel a little different about this Valentine business, now it's leap year?" "Leap year," said the business girl solemnly. "Is nothing to me."

That was very discouraging, but at least she had admitted the possibility of sending Valentines of a sort.

From the Old Maid.

The old maid, the one who has been in the dead letter office for several decades, was observed ostentatiously rummaging among Valentines with her right hand, while the other, deftly concealed in her muff, swept aside pictures of

smiling little boys half guiltily. She sniffled and blushed when addressed.

"Sending a Valentine to your chief?" we inquired blithely. The old maid blushed guiltily and refused to admit any such unaimed plan.

"Come, now, why not? Just as a joke. It's leap year, you know."

"Well, I might," she admitted. "Get a real sentimental one and mail it to the office so that you'll see him when he gets it. That won't do any harm."

"But he's married," she went on, in shocked surprise. "That's the whole secret of leap year Valentine sending. The men like to feel—for a change—that they are objects of sentimental interest to the other sex, and they don't care who knows where she figured as co-respondent."

There was, however, no excuse upon which her brain could fasten, at the moment. Protesting feebly, she bought a Valentine, a very sentimental one; more than that, she mailed it.

"I'll never get over it if he finds out," she said, "but I suppose, since it's leap year, he wouldn't mind if he did know who it was."

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Live To Be 100? Watch Your Hair

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG.

LET the aged who seek youth trim their hair and stimulate what hair is left on the tops of their heads—such is the advice of Dr. L. K. Natcher, expert in geriatrics, or the science of keeping 100 years young. Dr. Natcher suggests that the aged associate with young persons, for by so doing they will be led to improve their general appearance, keep step with the prevailing mode and be happier.

The improvements in general appearance have a profound psychic influence, not only directly through the sense of pride in appearance, but indirectly through the flattering comments which it arouses. This does not mean that any one should resort to the use of artificial devices which some middle-aged and elderly women employ to enhance their charms. But it does mean that the aged should stimulate the surface circulation by means of baths and massage, remove wrinkles and folds by incision with fine, try to stimulate the growth of hair on the head and remove hair from abnormal locations on the ears, use a cane and wear braces to overcome the tendency to stoop, employ harmless cosmetic measures to improve his appearance, and, above all, to observe a sense of neatness in dress, instead of decaying such a course as vanity. It should be encouraged as a laudable effort to maintain a youthful spirit.

Dr. Natcher sets forth that there are many factors which contribute to premature aging, such as the rapid vibrations of motor driven vehicles, rapidly moving elevators, the eye strain produced by the flickering of moving pictures, the ear strain and the mental strain of listening to the telephone, the many little shocks and moments of fright incident to crossing the streets and cities in general.

The physician finds that most persons who have reached old age are spare eaters and live outdoor lives. Most aged men are reported as smokers and drinkers of alcoholic drinks. Most long-lived persons came from agricultural districts and were married, and nearly all were actively engaged in their labors until shortly before their death.

"On the other hand," continues Dr. Natcher, "those who retire from active business early enough to go into a rapid decline. Insufficient sleep prevents complete repair and hastens degenerative changes in the body, leading to irregular hours, irregular meals, and irregular meals of livelihood."

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Answers to Health Questions

H. L. N.—This may not come under "Health," but you kindly answer in "The Times" what I could do to rid myself of being self-conscious? Every act and thing I do and say I wonder whether I am sure I would appreciate some information from you in regard to this.

Try, my good friend, to forget yourself entirely when in the presence of others; look on the sunny side of life and laugh and keep young. Join in the laughter and fun of the young and care-free, and this will surely aid in your self-consciousness. Go around more and take a deep interest in plays, theatricals, books, and music.

W. A.—Is there anything you can suggest to cure the smoking habit? Swallow one or two tablets of 1-20th grains of sulphate of strychnine, every three hours. These tablets are bitter and when chewed take away the craving. Glysters of tannin should be applied to the gums.

"Eve"—My chest and back are broken out with pimples. What will you advise? Avoid all oily, hot, greasy, rich, starchy and highly seasoned foods, sweets, pastries, chocolates, thick soups and gravies. Take three drops of Fowler's arsenic solution in water after meals, three times a day. Apply white precipitate ointment to the pimples.

PERSONAL ADVICE.

Readers desiring advice should remember:

1. To address inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of The Washington Times.

2. To enclose a stamped and addressed envelope if a personal reply is desired.

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There is no woody taste to the coffee as there is no boiling. No laborious scouring to keep it clean and sweet, as it is washed as any china. No waiting. The coffee is ready in its perfection as soon as the water passes through it.

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